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Duhaut-Cilly's 1826-1829 Voyage

A Zamorano 80 Classic of Early California History, Now
Published for the First Time in English Translation, a
Book Club of California "First"

August Frugé and Neal Harlow

Editor's Note: The following article is adapted from The Book Club's publication, *A Voyage to California, the Sandwich Islands, and Around the World in the Years 1826-1829* by Auguste Duhaut-Cilly, translated and edited by August Frugé and Neal Harlow. Frugé is the retired director of the University of California Press, and Neal Harlow is an author whose *The Maps of San Francisco Bay* was published by The Club in 1950.

—Harlan Kessel

Heretofore available only in the original French or the Italian translation, this book is probably the richest and most vivid eyewitness account ever written about pre-Gold Rush California. Historian H.H. Bancroft wrote that the author's "...opportunities for observation were more extensive than those of any foreign visitor who had preceded him." What Bancroft did not say, having seen only the Italian translation, is that the author was also a talented writer and artist.

The original volumes are quite scarce, while the only English version, published serially in 1929, is incomplete and rendered nearly unreadable by an honest but misguided attempt to be literal and follow the French syntax. The meaning behind the words is obscured, the literary style muffled, and a fine personal narrative, complete with its own villain, is effectively lost. Our (Frugé's and Harlow's) task, then, was to restore life to this splendid book.

Master of a trading ship, the *Héros*, Auguste Duhaut-Cilly, or du Haut-Cilly, whom the Californians called Don Augusto because they could not pronounce his name, spent nearly two years, 1827 and 1828, on the coast of California, seeing it from one end to the other before proceeding to the Sandwich Islands, China, and home around the world. His long account, in French and mostly written aboard

ship, was published in two volumes in 1834-35. The author was also an artist by avocation and put into the book four lithographs of his own sketches. These, strangely enough, are known to us mostly from copies made by an Italian engraver in 1841.

As an observer, this captain had many advantages. A foreigner who could see with the perspective of an outsider, he was also a Catholic, friendly to the Franciscan padres and trusted by them. "They were happy to deal with a captain of their own faith," Duhaut-Cilly wrote. "Never would they have discussed these matters with an American or an Englishman." On his visit to Mission San Luis Rey in June of 1827, Duhaut-Cilly wrote:

On the 12th, in the evening, volleys of musket shots and fires lighted on the plaza proclaimed the festival of the following day.... At first I was placed with several others on the balcony of the padre's house, overlooking the entire arena, but I and my curious companions were soon pursued by the young Indian girls who had been relegated to the same place to avoid accident [from the ongoing bullfight]. There were more than two hundred of them, aged from eight to seventeen, and they were all dressed in the same way, with petticoat of red flannel and white chemise. Their black hair, half as long as themselves, floated about their shoulders. They came in crowds about us, demanding copper rings or pieces of money, and at first we amused ourselves by throwing reales and watching them

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rush together and tumble over each other in a way that was wonderfully funny. But little by little they grew bolder and so familiar with us that they threw themselves upon us and even tried to dig into our pockets. Their bursts of laughter and their squalling cries, drowning out the bellowing of the bull, reminded me of the critical position I once found myself in on the island of Java, when I was attacked, quite unarmed, by a troop of monkeys. I should say, of course, that these malicious Indian girls did not bite, but they tore at our clothes and scratched us and intended to leave us no more money in our pockets than the monkeys of Pulo-Marack had had in theirs.

The moment had come, we decided, to effect an honorable retreat. To accomplish this we used a stratagem; taking all the small coins that remained to us, we threw them as far as we could, and as soon as the pack left us to run after the quarry, we took advantage of this short respite to make our escape. Going down to the padre's lodging, we took shelter behind a barricade that had been set up in front of his door.

They do not kill the bull, as in Spain. After they had taunted, tormented, and tired him out for half an hour, a carriage gate was opened onto the plain, and as soon as the animal saw this exit, he ran out as fast as he could go. The horsemen sped like arrows in pursuit, and when the fastest one caught up with the bull, he seized him by the tail and, spurring his horse at that moment, overturned him and sent him rolling in the dust. Only after this humiliation was the animal allowed to regain the pasture. This exercise, which requires as much agility as strength on the part of the horseman, is known in the country as *colear el toro*, tailing the bull

Other Indians, in the manner of Lower Brittany, divided themselves into two large teams, and the players of each, armed with curved sticks, attempted to propel a wooden ball toward the goal, while those of the opposing team strove to drive it in the contrary direction. This game appears to appeal equally to both sexes. It happened that the married women challenged the young girls and the latter lost. They came crying to complain to the padre that the stronger women had taken unfair advantage, holding their arms when they tried to hit the ball. Fray Antonio, with the judgmental gravity of Solomon, required a complete account of the affair.

During the explanation the good missionary was seated gravely under the arcade with eyes half closed, the index finger of his right hand resting on his brow while the middle finger, passing under his nose, formed a sort of T-square, a pose that gave him an air of profound meditation. When the Indian girl had finished pleading her cause, he raised his head and declared the game null and void. But he could not prevent himself from smiling in his cowl and he said to me in a low voice, "Poor little dears! We have to do something for them." (*Las pobrecitas! Es menester de hacer algo para ellas.*) It is in this and in similar ways that I have managed to gain the trust of these Indians.

A veteran of the Napoleonic wars at sea, Duhaut-Cilly was an educated man with literary tastes and one who could read and converse in at least three languages, Spanish and English as well as French. His badly chosen trading stock, which he had expected to sell in three or four months, forced him to spend a much longer time visiting all the California ports and pueblos, most of the missions more than once,

and even the Russian establishment at Bodega and Ross. Thus his trading misfortune is our good fortune in this fine book. Here is a portion of Duhaut-Cilly's journey to Fort Ross in June, 1828 (after a perilous crossing of what is now called the Russian River):

At eleven in the morning we arrived at the colony called Ross by the Russians. It is a large, square enclosure surrounded by a thick wooden palisade twenty feet high, strongly constructed and topped with iron spikes of proportionate size and weight. At the north-east and southwest angles are two hexagonal towers pierced with ports and loopholes. On the four sides, which correspond to the cardinal points, are four gates, each defended by a carronade of fixed breeching set in a port as on a ship. Within there were also two bronze field pieces with caissons. A handsome house for the commandant or governor [Pavel Shelekhov], pleasant lodgings for the subalterns, large storehouses, and workshops occupy the square. A newly constructed chapel serves as a bastion in the southeast corner. This citadel is built near the edge of the cliff on an esplanade about two hundred feet above the sea. On the left and right are ravines that protect it from attacks by the Indians from the north and south while the cliff itself and the sea shield it from the west. The ravines open onto two small coves which serve as shelter and landing place for the small boats of the colony.

All the buildings at Ross are of wood but well built and well maintained. In the apartment of the governor are found all the conveniences valued by Europeans but still unknown in California. Outside the compound are lined up or scattered the pretty little houses of sixty Russian colonists, the flat huts of eighty Kodiaks, and the conical huts of as many native Indians.

East of the settlement the land rises gradually to great heights covered with thick forests that block the wind from north to the southeast. All these slopes are partitioned off to protect the crops not from thieves but from farm animals and wild beasts.

There appears to be great order and discipline at Ross, and although the governor is the only officer, one notes everywhere the signs of close supervision. After being busy all day in their various occupations, the colonists, who are both workers and soldiers, mount guard during the night. On holidays they pass in review and drill with cannon and musket.

Although this colony, in existence for fifteen years, appears to lack nothing, it cannot be of great account to the company that founded it. As the principal source of revenue they counted on the hunt for sea otters and seals. The first of these is nearly exhausted and no longer provides anything; as for the second, the governor keeps about a hundred Kodiaks on the Farallones throughout the year, as I have said elsewhere, but that hunt, once quite productive, declines with every passing day and in a few more years will amount to nothing....

The colony of Ross inspires in the traveler's mind only somber and melancholy thoughts. The reason, I believe, is that this society is incomplete. The governor is a bachelor and has no woman in his house; all the Russian colonists live in the same state. In this establishment there are only the women of the Kodiaks and those of the Indians. No matter what relations may exist between them and the Russians, the visitor, to whom these

women are objects of disgust, cannot help regarding this little community as deprived of that sex whose sole presence makes life bearable. The tasks that usually fall to women are here the portion of men, and this difference shocks the eye, weighs on the heart, and causes a pain that one feels in spite of oneself and before discovering the true reason for it.

We went with Mr. Shelekhov to view his timber production. In addition to the needs of his own settlement he cuts a great quantity of planks, beams, timbers, and the like, which he sells in California, in the Sandwich Islands, and elsewhere; he even builds entire houses and ships them disassembled. The trees felled are almost all conifers of several kinds and especially the one called *palo colorado* (redwood). The only virtues of this tree are that it is quite straight and splits easily; for the rest, it has little resin and is very brittle. It is the largest tree that I have ever seen. Mr. Shelekhov showed me the trunk of one that had been felled recently; it was 20 feet in diameter measured 2 feet from the ground and from one burl or buttress to the other; the main trunk was more than 13 feet in width. I measured 230 feet from the stump to the crown, lying where it had been parted from the bole. Imagine what a huge quantity of boards can be obtained from a tree this size. The stacks of them from one such covered a considerable stretch of ground. Not all *palos colorados* are this prodigious but one can see many that three men would have difficulty stretching their arms around and that would make, as a single piece, the lower masts of our largest ships of war.

Duhaut-Cilly saw the California missions at almost the last time they could be seen at the height of their development and before the disaster of secularization. At San Gabriel in June 1828 he attended the reading by Dominican and Franciscan friars of the decree expelling Spaniards from the two Californias. To the *comisario prefecto* of the missions, Vicente de Sarría, he offered passage to Manila (declined) and he was also a near-witness of the escape of Padre Ripoll and Padre Altimira from Santa Barbara. A few years later, in 1832, the great missionary Antonio Peyrí left San Luis Rey, which he had built into perhaps the most successful mission of all. Duhaut-Cilly's account of his visit there in the summer of 1827 may be the fullest and most charming description ever written of a mission in its glory days.

The villain of the story was the supercargo, a man called Monsieur R_____ by his captain. Jean Baptiste Rives had spent some years in the Sandwich Islands and had come to London with King Liholiho, who died there of the measles. In Paris Rives negotiated with some merchants to send a trading ship, the *Héros*, to California and the Islands. At the same time, and unknown to the captain and his principals, Rives promoted the dispatch of a competing ship, the *Comète*, which sailed a few months later. This little tale of two ships — they met in Monterey — is a story within a story.

Almost nothing has been known about the captain/author/artist. By good fortune we have obtained from his descendants in France, and from several obscure periodical sources, some pertinent information about the man and his family, about

his experiences in war and in peace. The family have also allowed us to reproduce the captain's portrait, made by a celebrated painter of the time, who also portrayed Franz Liszt and Victor Hugo.



Duhaut-Cilly was justifiably proud that he accomplished a voyage of more than three years without losing a man, returning with a ship as bright and clean as when he departed. He was a loyal Frenchman who fought for the Empire against the British, but he was no imperialist or admirer of military life, which he calls confining to the human spirit. His political convictions are complex and not easily stated. As shown in many passages, he was sympathetic to peoples who sought political freedom but was not sure what that freedom should be. And he had few illusions about the violent after-effects of successful insurrection. "Those like us," he wrote, "who were born in the midst of revolution, only we know how difficult it is to construct dams strong enough to hold back such torrents." He had harsh words for the "ugly designs" of the Mexican patriots. "It was not difficult to see that, in expelling the rich Spaniards from Mexico or in cutting off their heads, the real purpose was to get hold of their fortunes." This son of the Revolution goes on to make a rather good, anti-revolutionary statement:

Freedom! Freedom! For the past half a century we do nothing but repeat this word, so that one might think the tongues pronouncing it belong to heads that know not its meaning, or rather that it has no meaning. For as soon as one person says he is free, ten others cry out that they are oppressed. One who discerned too much freedom a few years ago, now demands more of it. Each one sees freedom in his own light, and it is quite impossible to create it to please everyone. Freedom to dip both hands into the public coffers? Freedom to seize the land one wants? Freedom to hold sinecures, to be paid large sums for imaginary services? Freedom to calumniate, to revile, to vilify the most worthy things? Is this to enjoy freedom? Rather it is to abuse it and profane it.

It is thus clear that there can be no agreement on what is political freedom, but that is not what I wish to write about. There is a kind of freedom understood not only by all men but by all living creatures, the one demanded imperiously by our nature, the one that, indeed, society must take from the criminal. But it is also the one that injustice and force tear away from the unhappy slave and that had been lost by the poor Indians that Don Ignacio Martinez entrusted to me to convey to San Diego.

For six weeks they had been on board a French ship and thus on the soil of France, where there is no slavery. Furthermore, they had enjoyed the same liberty as all others on the *Héros* and had never shown any but the best conduct. But they could not ignore that in a few days they would go back to their fetters and their tyrants, and they must have wished to escape such an unhappy future. On the night of the 15th they were clever

enough to steal the only boat lying alongside the ship and, after first letting themselves drift noiselessly away, they disappeared without being noticed by the two seamen of the watch. As soon as I was informed of the matter I sent two boats in search of the one they had taken, and it was found abandoned on the rocks of Point San Vicente but without damage.

Since I had consented to take charge of these unfortunates, I would certainly have prevented their escape had I known of their intentions in time to act. But I was happy that they had with so much adroitness reclaimed the liberty that had, perhaps unjustly, been taken from them. I made no effort to recapture them, contenting myself with passing word to the alcalde of the pueblo, while making a wish, not to be fulfilled, that they might escape his pursuit....

Duhaut-Cilly, like La Pérouse before him, calls the Indians slaves of the missions, using the word rather loosely, and wishes success to those who run away. But if the Indians were slaves, what were the padres? Duhaut-Cilly has only admiration for the latter as men, as Christians, and as caretakers, especially for the good administrators such as Peyrí and Ripoll. If there is a contradiction in Duhaut-Cilly's attitudes, it is the ambiguity of a thoughtful man, who believed in freedom but did not blind himself to its excesses. Those of us who are free of contradictory attitudes may criticize.

The Women's Cooperative Printing Union

by R. J. Chandler

"Women Set Type! Women Run Presses!" Billheads for the San Francisco Women's Cooperative Printing Union screamed for the benefit of doubters. These women heralded a job opportunity which emerged only from post-Civil War reformism in California; then, during the next twenty years, they composed a fine record. Until recently, their story remained untold, except for minor articles such as mine of 1986, published in *The Californians*, which brought me into contact with the late Roger Levenson. Eight years later, Levenson produced his monumental *Women in Printing: Northern California, 1857-1890* (Santa Barbara: Capra Press, 1994, \$25 hardback; \$12.95 paper).

Sophia E. Walker (1837-1888), using the pen name of "Lisle Lester," led the charge to allow women to set type. In December 1863, this newcomer from the "Badger" state of Wisconsin took command of the *Pacific Monthly*, previously named the *Hesperian*, declaring it would be "an advocate for the PROPER rights of women." In February 1864, the scope of those "proper rights" became clear when

the formidable editor spoke out "in behalf of females who are dependent upon themselves for a livelihood." The cause of her badgering was the refusal of workingman's *Morning Call* to hire the experienced Mary McGee, a compositor in New York City for eleven years, after the printers' union complained. "The art of composition in a printing office is perfectly adapted to female help," Lester thundered, "and [personal] experience [in Milwaukee] tells us, that female compositors, who make their living at the case as a general thing, excel both in rapidity and correctness." While McGee set type for the *Pacific Monthly*, Lester attacked Eureka Typographical Union, No. 21, which, she charged in two pages of small type, "in its rigidity, its monopoly, and injustice, has full sway over the 'Press' of the city." She was the first of numerous women to ask, "What is there in a lady's presence so obnoxious that it cannot be tolerated by this 'Union' as fellow laborers — when she receives the same wages for the same amount of work?" The pugnacious editor concluded, "It is very consoling to feel we are competent to control our own business, independent of any tyrannical monopoly." Flipping through my set of the *Pacific Monthly*, I find an uneasy calm until three pages of vitriol erupted in the July issue. Lester summarized her actions: "We have placed ladies at the 'case,' and have openly avowed our intention to keep them there," and furthermore, the determined publisher announced, "We have made up the . . . forms ourself."

By October 1864, Lester could enjoy a little humor. She was jealous of her neighbors sharing the Phoenix Building at the southeast corner of Sansome and Jackson. The continuous "nailing and hammering" on the common wall told Lester that the *Spirit of the Times* was forever receiving lithographic prints as gifts while her side remained bare. As Lester pleaded to readers for "a picture or two," she described her three decorations: "The ornaments of Rooms 19 and 18 are two very independent and excellent female compositors," exceedingly rare and valuable for San Francisco, but the third decoration was the intriguing one. In union parlance, a "rat" was a non-union compositor who worked for less than 75 cents per one thousand ems, and therefore was "a false, base, mean, lying, dishonest, dishonorable man." Lester, who paid her women employees union scale, continued: "As we had no rats in our office, a Stocktonian shipped to us this pure white rat for an ornament." Indeed the Typographical Union correctly stated that the *Pacific Monthly* was a "rat" office — or at least supported an office rat!

After November 1864, however, the *Pacific Monthly* was no more. Union pressure remained unrelenting, and Lisle Lester lacked tenacity. At the same time she was supposedly running the magazine, she traveled by stagecoach — where "feet are dovetailed under the seats, elbows are drawn nearer to the main body, [and] crino-

line doubled and perverted until it seems very much like a sailor's snarl" — throughout California, Nevada, and Oregon, presenting well-received literary readings. The lively biography being prepared for publication by Fay Kaynor of Amherst, Massachusetts, reveals that Lisle Lester bounced from one project to another throughout the Western hemisphere all her life.

Four years later, women tried again. On July 9, 1868, Mrs. Agnes B. Peterson, a young mother with a child to support, arrived in the Bay City. While San Francisco dailies would employ her at union wages, again the typographical union objected — nor would it admit her to membership. The typographers did not object to Mrs. Peterson personally, for on November 28, the union rejected another female applicant. Only the newspaper strikes of 1870 would finally break the union's power.

Undaunted, on August 10, 1868, Mrs. Peterson inaugurated the Women's Cooperative Printing Union at 517 Clay Street, and shortly, the very remarkable Emily A. Pitts (1841-1909) joined the fray. In January 1869, her *Mercury*, (later appropriately renamed the *Pioneer*), "fearlessly" demanded "the right of suffrage for women." Pitts's unswerving goal was "equality with man," and she matched words with deeds. "This Office [of the *Pioneer*, a newspaper 'Devoted to promotion of Human Rights'] was the first to throw open its doors to women," she advertised in 1871, "in spite of the arbitrary and unjust laws of the Printers' Union, which pro-

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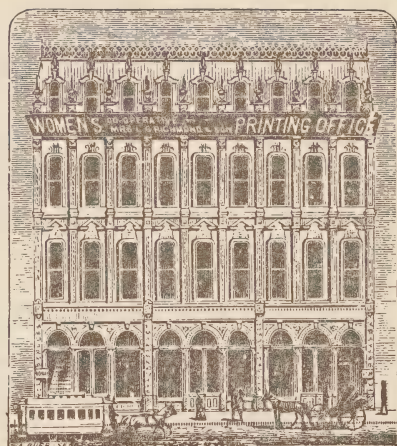
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scribed all women from a Printing Office NOT ON ACCOUNT OF ABILITY BUT SEX!" Jumping slightly ahead in my story, I am adding Emily Pitts's next sentence, which speaks of the effects of union hostility: "*What is the Result?* Many of the largest and best Printing establishments on the Pacific Coast have thrown open their doors to all comers who can do good work."

That summer, on June 16, 1869, Emily Pitts Stevens, as she was soon known from a remarriage, incorporated the Women's Cooperative Printing Union. It would "give employment to women as typesetters, and thereby enable them to earn an independent and honest living." Among the sponsors were hardware merchant Joseph W. Stow, whose wife, Marietta, became an active suffragist, feminist, journalist, politician and published authority on estate probate; and Wells, Fargo & Co's banker James K.S. Latham. Pitts Stevens served as president, while Lizzie G. Richmond (1837-1898) became superintendent.

At a new address in 1869, 420-424 Montgomery Street, where Mrs. Pitts Stevens conducted the *Pioneer*, the Women's Cooperative Printing Union employed seven women and three men. According to the 1870 census it grossed \$13,000, better than most of San Francisco's fifty-odd job-printing offices. In comparison, the City's top firms were Edward Bosqui & Co., \$40,000; A.L. Bancroft & Co., \$75,000; and Francis & Valentine, \$105,000. The women pumped three treadle-powered Gordon job presses until 1884, when they added a Cottrell cylinder press capable of printing an octavo book sixteen pages at a time. In 1876, paper purchases of 1,300 reams or about 650,000 sheets from one supplier equaled what Bosqui & Co. bought at the same firm. The Women's Cooperative Printing Union was a large establishment.

With frenetic energy, editor Pitts Stevens intertwined other crusades with printing. As a founder also of the California Woman Suffrage Association on January 28, 1870, she jumped into another cause in 1871 when Laura Fair came to trial for shooting her married lover, A.P. Crittenden. Lisle Lester, back in San Francisco and working as a printer after a sojourn in Idaho, where she gained a husband, joined Pitts Stevens in befriending Fair during the sensational proceedings. Meantime, Superintendent Richmond quietly snapped up the stock of the Women's Cooperative Printing Union. The next year, Mrs. Pitts Stevens left to create the similar Woman's Publishing Association (1872-1875). I cannot leave this remarkable woman, however, without recalling the dedication in Roger Levenson's *Women in Printing*: "To the memory of EMILY PITTS STEVENS, one of the 'strong-minded females;' editor, master-printer and publisher of the first suffrage journal in the West."

The Women's Cooperative Printing Union prospered under Lizzie Richmond, and in 1876, son William P. Richmond became a partner. Her marriage the next year determined the course of Mrs. L.G. Richmond & Son. At forty, she wed Norris A. Judd, a twenty-three-year-old employee of Daniel Hicks & Company, bookbinders. Ten years later, in 1887, the Women's Cooperative Printing Union moved to 23 First Street, and merged into the Hicks-Judd Company.

Between 1868 and 1887, this San Francisco job office used a variety of overlapping designations. In general, "Women's Union Print," was the commonest signature on billheads until 1874, but by 1871, "Women's Print" had emerged and quickly became the favorite until the firm ceased business. For pamphlets, legal briefs, and books, the firm usually used its full name, "Women's Cooperative Printing Union." After late 1879, "Women's Cooperative Printing Office" was the preferred style. Whatever the form of the name, the women certainly made themselves visible. They marked their work, and Levenson and I both noticed that "Women's Print" billheads stand out from the great mass of unmarked ones produced in the 1870s and 1880s. This was great advertising, considering San Francisco had fifty-five other job offices and lithographers in 1871, and seventy competitors in 1880 — not counting newspapers, which did not call attention to their job printing as they had done in the 1860s.

What flood of printed sheets poured out of 517 Clay, 424 Montgomery, and 23 First Street under Agnes Peterson, Emily Pitts Stevens, and Lizzie G. Richmond? The bulk of their production consisted of billheads, flyers, and pamphlets — particularly by-laws, annual reports, and especially legal briefs. Additionally, they averaged a book a year.

Casual observations on the first body of work come from my own collection of billheads, the multitudes at Wells Fargo Bank, and Roger Levenson's research. Type and ornaments equaled those of other offices. Often merchants liked a certain look, so little change appeared in billheads produced by different printers. Even in these cases, though, the women made them their own through small details. For other jobs, of course, the female printers produced original designs. They seemed to prefer large, frilly, floral borders to box a company's claims on the billhead sides. Generally, the Women's Cooperative Printing Union followed the styles of the 1870s and 1880s, mixing popular plain types, such as Caslon, with ornamentation. Overall, their billheads have more consistency and balance than, say, the plain, austere styles produced by Edward Bosqui.

Commercial customers, pleased with proportional designs on letterheads, billheads, receipts and statements, spanned the variety of San Francisco businesses.

Among many were the American Clock Company; Hypolyte Audiffred, wood and charcoal; Buckingham & Hecht, California boots and shoes; the Central Pacific Railroad; Dunham, Carrigan & Co., hardware; James De la Montanya, stoves; N.B. Edgerly & Co., ship chandlers; Glasgow Iron and Metal Importing Co.; Haste & Kirk, coal; Charles James King of William & Co., canned goods; F.E. Luty, stock broker; E.G. Lyons & Co., wines and liquors, done in black and red; J.M. Mathews, commission produce merchant; George O. McMullin & Co., wholesale grocers, also in red and black, as well as grocers Wellman, Peck & Co.; Miller & Lux, butchers; New York Soap Company, produced with a view of the factory in red; Oppenheimer & Bro., cigars, again in red and black; Pacific Rolling Mill Company; H. & W. Pierce's Warehouse; Pioneer Rustic Window Shade Factory; Preston & McKinnon, and Renton, Holmes & Co., lumber; Ravenna, Ghirardelli & Co., pasta; Raymond & Wilshire, safes; Spring Valley Water Works; John Taylor & Co., chemicals and assayers' materials; Union Box company; Union Iron Works; Waterhouse & Lester, carriages; and Wells, Fargo & Company (bank checks).

Through branches, San Francisco firms spread "Women's Print" throughout the land. Pierce's Warehouse, mentioned above, stood in Suisun, while J.C. Hampton & Co., which sold "groceries, liquors, flour & grain, machine & coal oil," besides "mineral [and] sperm oil, refined cylinder tallow, mill salt [for refining silver] & copper," through offices in San Francisco, Virginia City, and Austin, Nevada, in 1873 had the women compositors set type for Virginia City billheads.

Roger Levenson listed some 150 imprints in his classic study, and the vast majority were legal briefs, ranging from six to 370 pages. By-laws and reports, too, brought in a strong stream of revenue. The Women's Cooperative Printing Union imprint appeared for such diverse groups as the Ancient Order of Foresters; Bar Association of San Francisco; Board of Supervisors for supplements to the ward voting registers; California Silk Culture Association; Company F, 1st Infantry (Light Guard); Draymen and Teamsters' Union; Fresno Canal and Irrigation Company; Giant Powder Company; Journeyman Shipwrights' Association; Ladies' Protection and Relief Society; Mechanics' Institute; Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston; Olympic Club; Redwood Lumber Association; Republican State Central Committee; San Francisco Port Authority; San Francisco Stock Exchange Board; Society of California Pioneers; Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Company catalogue; Sutro Tunnel Company; and Wells, Fargo & Company. Comstock Lode mines in Nevada that used women's printing services included the California and Consolidated Virginia Silver Mining Companies, discoverers of the famed Big Bonanza.

Journalism did not escape their notice. These nimble-fingered women composed a monthly *Traveler's Guide for California and the Pacific Coast*, 1869; Mrs. Carrie F. Young's *Woman's Pacific Coast Journal*, 1870; and Mrs. Julia S. Schlesinger's *The Carrier Dove*, 1887, a Spiritualist publication devoted to feminism and suffrage.

Judging by the range of books bearing the Women's Cooperative Printing Union imprint, it functioned as a "vanity press," sounding forth for segments of society most often silent. Entries among Levenson's twenty titles included: Amelia Z. Caton, *One of the Cunning Men of San Francisco; . . . Being Sketches from the Diary of a Neglected Wife* (1869); Mrs. Martha M. Graham, *The Polygamist's Victim; The Life and Experiences of the Author During a Six Years' Experience Among the Mormon Saints* (1872); *Life and Adventures of James Williams, a Fugitive Slave* (1873); Mrs. J.W. Likins, *Six Years Experience as a Book Agent in California* (1874), a 1992 Book Club selection still available; Henry P. Blanchard, *A Visit to Japan in 1860 in the U.S. Frigate Hartford* (1878); Abby Fisher, *What Mrs. Fisher Knows about Old Southern Cooking* (1881) — the first cookbook by an African-American, and reprinted in 1995; William R. Bentley, *Pleasure Paths of the Pacific Northwest, Embracing the Oregon Railway* (1882); [H.J.] Clayton's *Quaker Cook-Book* (1883); Mrs. Cora L.V. Richmond, *The Nature of Spiritual Existence* (1884); and Ada B. Rogers, *Cousin Phoebe's Chats with Children* (1885).

Emily Pitts Stevens proclaimed that printing was "a business for which women are peculiarly adapted." The output of the Women's Cooperative Printing Union proved her point.

Review:

The Pecos Ranchers in the Lincoln County War. By T. Dudley Cramer. Orinda, California, Branding Iron Press (Box 518; Zip 94563); 214 pp. \$22.95 softcover.

The year 1997 has not been the shabbiest twelvemonth, so far, for Book Club member Dudley Cramer. First, this volume on the role of Pecos River ranchers in New Mexico's classic conflict was published. Then the author made such a successful book-signing invasion of the Southwest that all hardbound copies were snapped up, pronto. Finally, his account won highly favorable reviews, and, moreover, the physical volume itself ended up on display in The Book Club's quarters as a selection in the annual Western Books exhibit.

To be sure, the Rounce and Coffin Club's choices for awards are given for design and printing, rather than contents. But, surely, some of the glory due designers David Bohn and Graham Mackintosh and artist Tom Ryan should be allowed

to rub off on Dud. After all, without his years of research and writing, there would have been neither design nor illustration.

The writing is first rate and is enhanced by Ryan's pen-and-ink sketches, which are reminiscent of Tom Lea's art work. There is a full bibliography and an adequate index, plus plenty of historical photographs never before in print. Author Cramer should also be blessed for adding two large-scale maps to the endpapers so that we can keep geographical track of the action.

Not all Californians, by a long shot, are familiar with the details of New Mexico's Lincoln County War of ca. 1878-81. And, doubtless, many New Mexicans are unaware of some parts of the story which Cramer makes clear. For example, that the shootings in the streets of the county seat formed a sort of second act of Lincoln's violent drama. They were preceded by more of a true range war involving such ranchers as cattle king John S. Chisum. Second, that the legendary Billy the Kid was just one of a large cast of characters, although he alone has seized the general imagination. This has been largely due to fiction, from dime novels to feature films, but also from the very worst kind of fiction – that which poses as history.

Dudley Cramer relegates Billy the Kid to his proper role in the drama and throws light on neglected characters, like Hugh Beckwith; he also sizes up the rivals in the conflict (largely a matter of greed and power) objectively, taking no sides. Per-

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haps the best aspect of the book is this attitude, the author's refreshingly "old fashioned" — zealously fair — approach to his material, with none of the chic advocacy and polemic which practitioners of the so-called New History substitute for objectivity.

—Richard H. Dillon

Serendipity

Musings by the Committee Chairman

Yes, one can be a legend in his own time. In "Cultivating the Fine Art of Printing," Stephen Schwartz produced a full-page interview with Jack Werner Stauffacher in the San Francisco *Chronicle* issue of May 11, 1997. Stauffacher is a giant — "the San Francisco printer [who] has made his name around the world for maintaining the highest traditions of quality bookmaking," in Schwartz's words. For more than sixty years, "he has kept an unaltered commitment to a craft sensibility and the highest standards of typography."

The Book Club plans to publish a history and bibliography of Stauffacher's Greenwood Press. Stauffacher told the Publications Committee that he began printing in 1935 using lead types, but is no fuddy-duddy. In 1987, Jack Stauffacher became the first Bay Area printer to buy a personal computer. Now, as the oldest practicing printer around, he prepares to give insight into his typographical journey. The earliest selections go back to 1947, when Stauffacher began writing articles and sharing philosophies with other great printers. This book will display his palette of types, and at least four pages will be hand set. The choice of a printer for this monumental volume is not in doubt!

The *Chronicle* article contained a box highlighting events of Stauffacher's life in printing, and the last illustrates his typographical inspiration: "1994: Edits *Porter Garnett: Philosophical Writings on the Ideal Book* for the Book Club of California." Luckily for Book Club collectors, it is still in print at \$120. In 250 beautiful pages, amplified by some forty illustrations, Stauffacher produced the first book on this Bay City philosophical printer. "Garnett represents the missing link in the history of American typography during the first half of our century," Stauffacher asserts. "Readers will be surprised at the intellectual vigor of his thinking — in both the typographical arts and the actual printing of books." Though animated by the Renaissance rather than the Middle Ages, Garnett (1871-1951) looked to his older contemporary William Morris: "The special value of Morris's work lies," Garnett posulated, "largely in the fact that he refused to compromise." Printing, to Garnett, was more than a *Lark*.

When Garnett founded the Laboratory Press in Pittsburgh in 1923, a motto emerged (in Latin), "Nothing commonplace, nothing hackneyed, nothing inept." Porter Garnett devoted his life to discovering "what is worth while and why?" and concluded by inventing a new word: "Beaumanence." Garnett defined this elusive quality as "indestructibility by reason of beauty," and commanded his students, "Thou shalt not be satisfied – ever."

For those more interested in vacations to unspoiled island paradises, Jack Stauffacher produced *A Pictorial Tour of Hawaii, 1850-1852: Watercolors, Paintings, & Drawings by James Gay Sawkins*. This 1991 masterpiece may be had at The Book Club for \$180. Sawkins (1806-1878), a well-traveled, entrepreneurial Anglo-American geologist, painted seventy-three detailed Hawaiian watercolors. After his death, fifty-four of them came to rest in a major Australian collection. In this finely printed 9.5 x 12 inch volume, Stauffacher produced forty-two plates, including several panoramas, their first appearance in print. Sandwich Islands expert David W. Forbes proves that together, the six scenes of Oahu, including Honolulu; eight from Maui, with important views of Lahaina; and twenty-eight done on the Big Island of Hawaii, form "the most complete and important collection of nineteenth-century Hawaiian landscape art in existence."



We learn slowly. Not until the past few years, when we were researching 1860s California spiritualists and the birth of women's rights in the Golden State, did we happen upon the name Madeleine B. Stern. Now, with delight, we read Nicholas A. Basbanes's finely delineated portraits of Stern and Leona Rostenberg, "The Two Book Ladies from the Bronx" in the June *Biblio*. Additionally, as bibliophilic gatherings have added books to our shelves and enjoyment to our life, we honor Stern for organizing the first antiquarian book fair in the United States – as recently as 1960!

The effervescence of Stern and Rostenberg in this four-page piece is merely an appetizer to their memoirs, *Old Books, Rare Friends: Two Literary Sleuths and Their Shared Passion* (New York: Doubleday, 1997; \$21.95). A "deep, deep love" of books and the secrets the printed word revealed joined these two remarkable New Yorkers. "We lived together in the life of the mind," Stern remarked. In their scholarly pursuits, Rostenberg delineated the ways the earliest printer-publishers spread civilization, while Stern created outstanding studies of nineteenth-century feminists. Besides their own specialties, they jointly made an intriguing discovery. Rostenburg announced in 1943 that Louisa May Alcott had secretly written blood-and-thun-

ders for 1860s newspapers – quite unlike *Little Women* in tone! Academia ignored this revelation for thirty years, while Stern, with a biography of Alcott to her credit, seized the opportunity to publish anthologies. Then the graduate dissertations appeared.

As the senior and junior partners of Leona Rostenberg, Rare Books, founded in 1944, they became successfully legendary through scholarship and *Finger-Spitzengefühl*. Borrowed from bookseller Herbert Reichner, the term signifies an electrifying tingling arising in the presence of an obscured rare book. Readers will enjoy their many delightful stories. (The “gates of paradise” opened for us fifteen years ago when *Finger-Spitzengefühl* expanded our collecting from books to ephemera. We were ecstatic upon discovering an 1864 letter relating to the California State Telegraph Company, the subject of our first article. This told us that not everything was in university libraries.)

Of more interest to Golden State collectors, Madeleine Stern introduced the Book Club’s 1992 edition of *Six Years Experience as a Book Agent in California* (The Women’s Cooperative Printing Union, 1874), available at \$50. In this rare account by a “plain, unassuming, hard-working woman,” Mrs. J.W. Likins humorously describes how she began canvassing for H.H. Bancroft in 1868. Being a Book Agent was “an honourable occupation,” she declared, as she strived to help other ladies who also “felt the cold hand of poverty grasping them, and would sell books sooner than be supported by charity.” Walking San Francisco streets showed Mrs. Likins “how rough and impolite many persons” were, and, as she remarked pointedly, “politeness costs nothing.” Apart from the rare original and The Club’s reprint, only *So Much to Be Done: Women Settlers on the Mining and Ranching Frontier* (University of Nebraska Press, 1990), edited by Ruth B. Moynihan, Susan Armitage, and Christiane Fischer Dichamp, has noticed Likins, but their excerpt is unfortunately mis-dated 1871. Roger Levenson details the California milieu in *Women in Printing* (1994).



For those getting into the swing of collecting the Kurutz 707, Mead B. Kibbey – author of the acclaimed *The Railroad Photographs of Alfred A. Hart, Artist* (1996) has edited *The Sacramento Directory for the Year 1853-54*. What makes Kurutz #153 valuable is Dr. John F. Morse’s forty-page history describing Sacramento from 1844 to mid-1853. Morse’s work is the first history of the City of the Plain, and editor Kibbey provides insightful observations on early Sacramento. Have you ever attempted to locate an 1853 address? Kibbey’s tables convert the pre-1879 number-

ing system to the current style. The California State Library Foundation [1225 8th Street, Suite 345, Sacramento, CA 95814; 916 447-6331] offers this bargain for \$37, plus \$4 shipping, and \$2.87 California sales tax.



While enjoying our recently-acquired *Job Printing in California*, a 1955 production by Ward Ritchie, we were reminded of other aspects of a remarkable career. In April, Truepenny Books [2509 North Campbell Avenue, Tucson, AZ 85719; 520 881-4822] released 300 copies of a 96-page octavo, *The Work of Ward Ritchie: Designer, Printer, Poet*, for \$25, plus \$4 shipping. In it, literary legend Lawrence Clark Powell stresses Ritchie's poetic side.

As our above-mentioned "Job Printing" book is a Glen Dawson publication with four items of 1850s ephemera included, we turn to another Southland topic. The first issue of *Dawson's Book News* (March) reveals that Dawson is computer-cataloging his personal collection of Los Angeles imprints from 1851 to 1876 – pamphlets, briefs, newspapers, broadsides, and billheads. We think the Dawson Book Shop *Los Angeles Miscellany Series* needs a seventeenth title!

Hail to the Chief! Publications Committee member George Fox is the new Master of the Press of the Roxburghe Club. Congratulations to George and to his Printer's Devil, Book Club Director Earl Emelson.

We encourage news and contributions. Have a little leisure time? Write us an article!

— Robert J. Chandler



Correction to Joanne Sonnichsen's article *The Book Club of California: The Founding Years*, in *QN-L*, Volume LXII, No. 1: On page 12, paragraph two, lines five and six should read: ... (*at that time printer for his Doves Press*).

Although Cobden-Sanderson created bindings for Morris, by this time Morris's Kelmscott Press had closed, and Cobden-Sanderson had joined with Emery Walker in establishing the Doves Press. Our thanks to member Jean-François Vilain for catching this error.

Gifts & Acquisitions

Some while ago, member and new private press operator Gregor G. Peterson telephoned our secretary from his Huckleberry Press of Lake Tahoe, asking if we had any of his first four books. When he was told we did not, he immediately sent us four pristine demi-octavos. These fascinated us since all were thoroughly professional in design and letterpress printing. With “firsts” from any field of the book arts, we expected to note a couple at least as examples of the normal “primitive” in the beginnings of any would-be fine printer. All four were completely finished examples by any fine printer’s measure. So, why?

As a young man living in San Mateo, Peterson became interested in printing; whenever he had the time, he would visit Jack Stauffacher at his Greenwood Press and, in fascination, watch Jack set type, distribute type, lock up forms and print. He resolved that when he made his fortune after Stanford and the commercial world, he would have his own printing press. And, years later, when he did retire after some financial successes, he moved to Incline Village and built a handsome house for his library and an enviable area for his press. But all this does not easily tell us how he has managed to print and publish four distinctive examples of printing without an amateur note or the tell-tale primitive quality of most printers’ early work.

When Peterson, a native Californian, became a printer at his Huckleberry Press in 1988, the influence of Jack Stauffacher was at work. This was a continuation of the teenage enthusiasms that had led him to write and print a neighborhood newspaper. His success in the business world permitted him to retire to Tahoe, where he revived the teenager’s dreams of becoming a printer and turned them into reality.

How did all this come together? Through a friend who was excited by the book arts and letterpress printing, John Balkwill, a graduate of Notre Dame and of the printing course of Gabriel Rummonds’s last class at the University of Alabama. On the closing of that class, Peterson purchased all of the type, the Washington hand press, and much of Rummonds’s equipment. (See “Confessions of a Lapsed Handpress Printer,” by Richard-Gabriel Rummonds, in Volume LXII, Number 2, of the *Quarterly News-Letter*.)

This acquisition was a “shot in the arm” for both to produce and publish these four books and a couple of broadsheets. After the final production and distribution of the last book, Balkwill left Tahoe, in 1992, to become professor in the Book Arts department at the University of Nevada, Reno. In March of 1997 he left for Santa Barbara to pursue book design and letterpress printing.

Thanks to this convergence of talents, our library’s collection of fine small-press books has been enhanced, and we are grateful to Gregor Peterson.

The Books

¶ 1. *Leatherneck Square*, the first book of the Huckleberry Press, was published in an edition of 125 copies, ninety-two pages, 8.5 x 12", for \$250.00 plus \$5.00 shipping, in 1989.

This is a book of poems written by fellow Californian and Stanford graduate Richard C. Schulze, Major General, USMC. These poems amount to an array of insights into the complex experiences of "what is probably the most difficult period in the history of the United States" (the Vietnam War). These poems were being prepared for publication when Richard Schulze died, in 1983.

All the typesetting, design, and printing were done at the press. The frontispiece map and the chapter heads throughout were reproduced from line cuts and were drawn by John Balkwill, an associate of the press.

The book was bound by Booklab of Austin, Texas, and the marbled paper (over boards) was especially made for this book by Peggy Skycraft of Estacada, Oregon.

¶ 2. *1914*, by Rupert Brooke, the second book of the press, was printed in an edition of fifty copies only (1989); it is twenty pages, 8.5 x 12". Copies 1 to 25 were printed on Arches buff paper; copies 26 to 50 on Rives heavyweight buff; price, \$85.00 plus \$5.00 shipping. (The Club's copy is No. 22.)

The book was printed to commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of Brooke's six poems, including "The Soldier," perhaps his best-known poem. Brooke was killed en route to the Dardanelles not long after completing the sonnet. The frontispiece contains a woodcut designed by John Balkwill and printed in five colors.

¶ 3. *The Sea Bird*, by Keith Douglas, who has been called by Ted Hughes "one of the most purely gifted poets ever born in England." These poems were written during World War II, and they concern the insight and experiences the poet had as an officer and are very different from those of the poets of World War I. These were all influenced by modern British poetry, and by T.S. Eliot, who was Douglas's early supporter, in particular.

To print these remarkable poems again, the Huckleberry Press received special permission from the Oxford University Press. Thus the press could publish its now three-book series on the soldier-poetry of the 20th century. From a printing and design standpoint, this is the finest book of the press; it would easily be the envy of any established fine press and is a most unusually beautiful book. The exquisite double-spread title page was hand-colored by the *pochoir* process, using art by Jennifer Dewey of Santa Fe and calligraphy by Laura Sackett of Berkeley. This book is the same size as the earlier two, is bound with a blue cloth spine and marbled paper from Peggy Skycraft. It too was bound for the press by Booklab in Texas, in an edition of 110 copies, for sale at \$175.00 plus the usual \$5.00 shipping.

If this book, their unquestionable magnum opus, had been submitted to the AIGA's annual contest, there is no question in our mind that it would have been one of the Fifty Books of the Year 1991.

¶ 4. *A Convocation Address* by Dr. Vartan Gregorian, a Stanford alumnus who was at the time (1991) president of Brown University. Stanford's then-president, Dr. Donald Kennedy, contributed an introduction.

125 copies were printed, and 100 were hand-sewn into wrappers; twenty-five were hand-bound in full leather and encased in double-tray, drop-spine boxes. Greg Peterson and his associate John Balkwill printed this charming thirty-page book, and Jonathan Clark did the photogravures. The printers gave their special thanks to Jack W. Stauffacher for his advice and encouragement during production.



The Club has received from Paul Ritscher of Plymouth, Indiana, an excellent twenty-page overview of his work, twenty-six examples of his interpretive "period" engravings and woodcuts. All are amazing examples of American wood engraving styles of the late 18th and early 19th centuries. To illustrate his ability as an art-print man, he has tipped in a charming wood-engraved print of a cluster of berries with leaves. On a happy note for Club printers, Ritscher tells us that he is in the throes of moving to Santa Cruz; when he has a California address, we will make it known in the hope that this talented artist's work may be more widely seen.

— Albert Sperisen



A good bookbinding catalogue is often a reference for bookbinding history. This has certainly been the case with the recent catalogues published by Maggs Bros., Ltd. Thanks to the generosity of Barbara Land, The Club's library now has the most recent two-volume set, *Bookbinding in the British Isles, Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century*, published in 1996. All of the bindings are beautifully illustrated, most full page in black and white, with a few in color. In addition to clear descriptions of each book and binding, most entries contain additional useful information, often about the binder and often giving us the results of the cataloger's research. This set of two volumes complements their 1987 catalogue set, *Bookbinding in the British Isles*, with many of the same bookbinders (and biographies, naturally) but with different bindings. This is a wonderful addition to the library's growing section on the history of bookbinding. Thank you, Barbara!

— Joanne Sonnichsen

We have recently received *The Mountain Trail and Its Message*, a reprint of Albert W. Palmer's 1911 account of his Sierra Club outings, on which John Muir was a companion. This pleasant paperback, illustrated with photographs from the original edition, is published by Sharon Young's Sixth Street Press, 3943 North Sixth Street, Fresno, California 93726; the price is \$12.00.



From member-author Dorothy Whitnah and from Wilderness Press of Berkeley, we have received copies of *Point Reyes: A Guide to the Trails, Roads, Beaches, Campgrounds, and Lakes of Point Reyes National Seashore*, with a fine foreword by the San Francisco Chronicle's Jon Carroll. Dorothy's excellent guide to one of California's most enchanting areas is the third edition of her work, completely and painstakingly revised after the fire of 1995. Practical information on getting to and enjoying the National Seashore is combined with history, geology, biology, anecdote — all in Dorothy's bright and lively prose; this is a book the sedentary reader can enjoy as well as the avid hiker. The cover photograph, yellow lupines in sun and shadow and the rugged, noble sweep of the coast, is the quintessence of Point Reyes. This well-made paperback is a true bargain at \$11.95. Thanks to Dorothy and her publisher for our copies.



One unexpected benefit of a lapse and the need to apologize is in looking once again at the items for which thanks are overdue. In this case, we failed to acknowledge a batch of Fenice Broadsheets from Cynthia A. Savage of Leicester, who continues to carry on the printing tradition of her husband, the late Toni Savage. A second look revealed new charms and ever-growing printing skills. Thanks for these, which include a poem by Club member Alix Weisz of New Jersey.

Then, stirring further blushes and a belated rush to action, another packet arrived, bringing our total of delightfully illustrated verses to Broadsheet No. 39. Cynthia writes that she is working on printing a book of her own poems, and we offer best wishes for that undertaking. Many thanks to you, Cynthia A. Savage of Leicester, and to those who work with you; may your printing and art give you all the joy they give to others.

— Ann Whipple

Publications Available

Dan De Quille of the Big Bonanza

Edited with an Introduction by James J. Rawls. Foreword by Oscar Lewis. Sm. 4to, decorative paper over boards, gilt-stamped cloth spine. 650 copies. Tamal Land Press, 1980.

A sampler of the delights created by a remarkable humorist and journalist, including examples of the kind of "reporting" which led Mark Twain to say, "the first big compliment I ever received was that I was almost worthy to write in the same column with Dan DeQuille."

Publication No. 165.

\$35.00

A Trumpet of Our Own

Selections from the Writings of the Noted Cherokee Author John Rollin Ridge. Compiled and Edited by David Farmer & Rennard Strickland. 8vo, hand-blocked paper over boards, gilt-stamped spine. 650 copies. Black Stone Press, 1981.

Contains selections from the writings of America's first truly professional Indian writer, a California newspaperman, novelist, poet and essayist, whose experiences as a miner in northern California and lawyer in the gold fields are more exciting than western fiction — including the tale of Joaquin Murieta, the Mexican bandit whose life and adventures Ridge shaped from his own.

Publication No. 167.

\$42.50

Baptism in Oil

Stephen F. Peckham in Southern California 1865-66 by Gerald T. White. 8vo, pictorially-stamped paper over boards, gilt-stamped cloth back. 500 copies. Designed by Ward Ritchie and printed by The Castle Press, 1984.

Based upon original correspondence, this is a fascinating account of the controversy surrounding young Peckham's discovery of the fraud perpetrated by greedy oil company officials who had adulterated with kerosine the samples certified as California oil by the highly respected Professor Benjamin Silliman, Jr. Included is Peckham's later reminiscence of his activities in Southern California in the mid-1860s, which provides a picturesque view of Los Angeles and Ventura during their pastoral era and an interesting contrast with the narrative of one of California's most scandalous and shocking industrial frauds.

Publication No. 177.

\$45.00

Mexico on Stone

Lithography in Mexico, 1826-1900 by W. Michael Mathes. Tall 8vo, decorated handmade paper over boards, linen spine, paper label. 550 copies. Designed and printed by Jonathan Clark at The Artichoke Press, 1984.

In this, the first English treatment of the subject, and possibly the first study in any language of the development of lithography and chromolithography in areas of Mexico outside the capital city, Dr. Mathes presents the history and evolution of the Mexican art form and demonstrates the relationship of lithography to printing. Included are examples of subject matter and the differing quality and style of individual lithographers through 24 monochrome or tinted plates and eight full-color reproductions. A useful bibliographical checklist of major Mexican lithographic works and a directory of their producers is also provided

Publication No. 178.

\$115.00

Romualdo Pacheco

A Californio in Two Eras by Ronald Genini & Richard Hitchman. 8vo, pictorially-stamped cloth, paper label. 500 copies. Designed and printed by Patrick Reagh, 1985.

Long relegated to footnote status in California history, the story of Romualdo Pacheco, first native son and the only Hispanic to serve as Governor of California after the Mexican era, is told here at last in this well-researched definitive biography. With twelve plates.

Publication No. 179.

\$57.50

Frank Norris Collected Letters

Compiled and annotated by Jesse S. Crisler, with a preface by James D. Hart, Folio, decorated paper over boards. 500 copies. Designed and printed by Wm. Henry Powers and Wesley B. Tanner, 1986.

Marking the 30th anniversary of Franklin Walker's *The Letters of Frank Norris* (Pub. No. 92), and continuing The Club's traditional role as sole publisher of all the Norris letters which have come to light, this handsome book includes the 99 letters in that previous volume, as well as the 26 letters discovered since, and is enhanced by an original woodcut portrait by Rik Olson, and a new type character especially created for this book to illustrate the stylized fleur-de-lis Frank Norris used on many of his letters and inscriptions.

Publication No. 182.

\$85.00

The Log of Apollo

Joseph Perkins Beach's Journal of the Voyage of the Ship Apollo from New York to San Francisco 1849 Edited and Annotated by James P. Delgado. 8vo, blue cloth, paper labels. 550 copies. Designed and printed at the Arion Press under the direction of Andrew Hoyem, 1986.

With a foreword by Dr. John Haskell Kemble, and illustrated with ten photographic plates, one in color, Beach's journal is here published for the first time. Added to his narrative of the Gold Rush voyage is James P. Delgado's account of the *Apollo's* earlier career and interesting fate – the first definitive biography of a member of the "Gold Rush fleet" which sailed to San Francisco in 1849.

Publication No. 183.

\$75.00

Lawton Kennedy, Printer

by Ruth Teiser, with a foreword by Dr. James D. Hart. 8vo, blue linen and grey French paper boards with a printed spine label. 450 copies. Designed and printed by Jonathan Clark at the 'Artichoke Press, 1988.

Illustrated with a photogravure frontispiece portrait and reproductions in color of twelve examples of Kennedy's work, this biography of master pressman, designer and printer Lawton Kennedy follows his activities during his most productive years, from 1952 until his death in 1980, and includes a note by Jonathan Clark on the typefaces used at the Kennedy press.

Publication No. 188.

\$87.50

A Pictorial Tour Of Hawaii 1850-1852

Watercolors, Paintings, & Drawings by James Gay Sawkins. With an account of his life & travels by David. W. Forbes. Foreword by Richard H. Dillon. Presented in the form of a pictorial album, this beautiful volume reveals for the first time James Gay Sawkins as a major interpreter and observer of the nineteenth-century Hawaiian landscape. Designed by Jack Stauffacher at The Greenwood Press. 43 full-page color reproductions (including three gatefolds). Large format. Edition limited to 400 copies.

Publication No. 197.

\$180.00

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context and pays tribute to his typographical ideals. Printed in an edition of 450 copies, the book features one of the first uses of Cycles, a new typeface designed by Sumner Stone. Typesetting by Fancesca Stauffacher; printing by Phelps-Schaefer on Mohawk Superfine; binding by Cardoza-James Binding Company in Japanese cloth; illustrated with historical photographs and line illustrations.

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